

MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE

By Walter C. Brown

After receiving threatening letters, Harry Dufresne was ambushed on a lonely road. Sergeant Harper has left Dufresne drunk in the suite of the Astoria, after deciding to open the latter's house on Pouchatun Terrace as a bait for the wood-be killer. But before that can be done it is found that Officer Hamill and another man are lying dead in the breakfast room of Dufresne's house. Harper, Doyle, a newspaper reporter and some others are investigating the crime.

CHAPTER NINE THREE SHOTS

The scene of the crime was a cozily-furnished breakfast-room, resplendent with polished wood, gleaming silver, sparkling glass, against a background of dark-stained wainscoting and richly-embossed wallpaper, hung here and there with the bright colors of hunting scenes. In the center of the room stood a refectory table, with eight chairs ranged around it—three at each side, one at the foot, and a more formal armchair at the host's place.

On this table six slender wax tapers had burned down to guttering stubs. There was an open tile fireplace, its wide hearth protected by a finely meshed copper screen, and a massive log was still burning. Its heat was sufficient to give the room a comfortable temperature.

Unfortunately, there were two dead men to turn the scene into a mockery. There was the friendly light of heart-log and candle—with the acrid fumes of gunfire still lingering on the air.

Officer Hamill lay just inside the door. He was sprawled at nearly full length, his legs drawn up just a trifle, the weight of his body resting on his right side.

The cause of death was fully apparent without moving the body. Two bullets had been fired into his left breast, one directly into the heart, the other slightly higher and closer to the sternum. So much for young James Michael Hamill—October 1645.

At the head of the table, seated limply in the host's chair, but in a very natural position, was the other man. His body had posed in such a life-like position that the jagged black hole drilled through the frontal bone seemed an incongruous mark. This man was faultlessly attired in evening clothes, and the bullet's impact had not even jarred loose his gold-rimmed nose-glasses, with their thin black silk cord.

His features, adorned by a well-trimmed moustache and goatee, were tilted slightly, as if he were bored or abstracted in thought. Both his arms rested on the table. His right hand still clutched an automatic gun, his left held a cigarette, which had burned itself out, searing the flesh of two fingers.

A number of things stood at his place. There was a packet of cigarettes of a popular brand, with an open paper of matches beside it. Both were about half used. There were two small carafes, each holding a different liquor. A used, but not empty whiskey glass stood near his hand.

Harper was inwardly amazed at this tragic scene, but his astonishment was self-contained. Not so Officer Clymer, on whom a great light had dawned. "Say, that must be Pierre Dufresne himself," he blurted.

Harper had ordered the others to keep their posts by the door while he went forward to get a better view of the bodies and to examine the wounds at close range. He had leaned over the man in the chair, looking long and thoughtfully at his face. Then, without disturbing the position of the body, he had gone through all the pockets. Nothing of importance came to light. Harper turned and herded them all out of the room.

"I want every one to stay out of this room until the photographers have been here," the detective ordered, "and keep your hands off anything that looks as if it might have a fingerprint on it."

The reporter, Doyle, buttonholed him as he was closing the door on that grim scene. "I thought Dufresne was under guard for the night!" he said. "How the devil did he get up here—alone?"

Sergeant Harper's reply was cryptic. "You'll want to know a great deal more than that before the night's over!"

The reporter pricked up his ears at this mysterious prediction. He looked longingly at that closed and locked door, but he had covered Sergeant Harper's cases before and knew that his statements were never flim-flam.

Harper stood in the center of the spacious hall, the key to the room of tragedy in his hand. Doyle wondered why the detective had so

rented automobile driven by Philip Hoffman, 18, of Portland.

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REFERENDUM FRIENDS AND FOES MUST FILE EXPENSE STATEMENT

SALEM, May 11.—(AP)—Sponsors and opponents of referendum measures, under a new 1933 legislative act, must file statements of expenditures and donations for and against the act five days prior to the election. It was announced here today by David O'Hara, election clerk in the secretary of state's office.

This law this year applies only to the sales tax, the only act referred by petition for the May 18 election. These expenditure statements of funds used up to the five day period must be in the secretary of state's office by Saturday night, May 12. In addition the law requires an estimate of the total amount expected to be spent in the entire campaign.

No statements have as yet been filed, but O'Hara directed attention to the provisions for the benefit of those not familiar with the new law. These statements are additional to statistics to be filed after the election in conformity with the corrupt practices act. The other measures on the ballot were referred by the legislature and the act would not apply to them, O'Hara said.

Tolo

TOLO, May 11.—(Sp.)—Although Mr. Tolo had been in poor health for some time, his sudden passing was a shock to all. He was always an earnest worker for civic better-

ment, was a member of the school board for eight consecutive years, being the chairman at the time of his death. School was closed Tuesday and the flag hung at half mast as Tolo community paid its final tribute. Many and beautiful floral pieces covered his last earthly resting place. G. A. Baker and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Cotton, formerly of Ashland, who purchased the Pine Tree service station and tourist camp, are well pleased with their new home. They have been busy cleaning, painting and putting in shower baths. They say scarcely a day passes but that they could rent more cabins and are planning to build more right away.

GIVE IT A WHIRL

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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S'MATTER POP—

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Was Tommy's Face Red!

By C. M. Payne

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cap'n Ike's 'What!'

THE NEBBS—Oh Yeah?

By Hal Forrest

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Edwin Algeo

By Sol Hess

By George McManus